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where bursting, or soon to break forth, from beneath the ribs of spiritual death. Yet it is no work of repudiation or destruction, that is to prepare the advent of the "Church of the Future." But he would have every Christian organization restore within its limits all the freedom that is consistent with Christian integrity, and then reach forth to sister organizations the hand of cordial fellowship and untrammelled coöperation. Thus the way will be gradually opened for more comprehensive external institutions. Partition-walls will crumble under the tread of those who perpetually pass and repass them. Union in spirit will globe itself into visible and formal union; and, as the Temple of old rose without sound of axe or hammer, so may the spiritual temple of unanimous Christian faith and love assume its world-wide proportions and lift its battlements to the sky without strife, or tumult, or noisy hand-work. We rejoice that our author has, in these views, the entire sympathy of such men as Hare and Maurice, and many of the most vigorous minds and most fervent hearts of the English Church. Christianity cannot die; for it is omnipotence incarnate. Forms are its time-vesture; and, cling to them as we may, they are obsolescent, and must, again and again, be renovated as humanity approaches the divine ideal. So long as the inspired fountain of truth flows ever fresh and pure, the spirit of Christianity will clothe itself in such outward garb as may best suit and speed its divine mission for the regeneration of a fallen world.

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ART. II. — *A Memoir of the Life and Labors of the REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON, D.D.* By FRANCIS WAYLAND, President of Brown University. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, and Company. 1853. 2 vols. 12mo.

AMONG the most extraordinary movements of the present century is that having for its object the conversion of the whole heathen world to Christianity. In this country, it began, about forty years ago, with a few individuals, and,

through the impulse then given, powerful associations have been formed, reaching through the leading religious denominations, depending on private charity for support, raising immense sums of money, and carrying on their work with a zeal, wisdom, energy, and success almost unparalleled since the early triumphs of our religion. At first, the movement was looked upon with incredulity or contempt. The labors of the missionaries were held up to ridicule or scorn by the most influential public journals of England. We well remember how the Edinburgh Review made itself and its readers merry by its caricature exhibitions of Dr. Judson, in his *zayat* by the way-side, calling to the passers-by, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." And the two or three stray lambs that he had picked up in that wilderness of heathendom were made to administer largely to the diversion of those who would judge of the ultimate success of such an enterprise by the smallness of its beginnings, and the human instruments by which it would accomplish its ends. What was regarded as the enlightened public sentiment both of this country and of England was inclined to ridicule the undertaking. The English government threw obstacles in its way, and persecuted its agents. Christian prelates frowned upon it, and sincere ministers of the Gospel regarded it with aversion or distrust.

But the faithful men with whom the movement began were not to be turned from their purpose. They believed that the fulness of time had come, and that they found in the Scriptures, not only a warrant, but a command, to go forth and preach the Gospel to every creature. Their appeals in behalf of the heathen were not without effect; and indeed, in the whole compass of sacred eloquence, it would not be easy to find a more powerful address to the reason, the conscience, and the faith of a Christian community, than Dr. Wayland's remarkable Discourse on the Moral Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise. Rich men gave from their abundance; children laid by some portion of their small earnings; and widows consoled their indigence and loneliness by the thought of contributing something from their penury for the salvation of those who were sitting in the region and shadow of death.

Different denominations were drawn into a noble emulation, and vied with one another in the great work. The premature death of some of the first missionaries, and the extraordinary persecutions and sufferings of others, gave a new sacredness to the cause, and added to the zeal which had been already kindled. The Memoirs of Harriet Newell and Samuel J. Mills, the account of the cruel imprisonment and sufferings of Judson, the Memoirs of his heroic wife, worthy to be a companion in the martyrdom of him whose face was as it had been the face of an angel, the untiring perseverance with which the survivors labored on in spite of every discouragement, quickened here the enthusiasm of devout hearts, and created an active interest where before there had been only coldness and indifference.

Dr. Wayland, in his Memoir of Dr. Judson lately issued from the press, gives, with a simplicity and distinctness worthy of all commendation, an account of what has been done in this work by that which, with a single exception, is the most numerous religious denomination in this country. His information is not got up for the occasion, but meets us everywhere, as the light thrown over a subject by a mind thoroughly conversant with all its principles and details. Dr. Judson, the earliest Baptist missionary, was to such an extent the author and leading spirit in all this enterprise, his life reached through so long a period, and his labors and counsels were so identified with its measures, that hardly a departure from the strict purposes of biography is required, to comprise within the Memoir a complete history of all that has been done in the East by the Baptists of this country. Nor does the biography thus lose any thing of its personal interest. Dr. Judson was so individual in his character, his missionary life, particularly during the first thirteen or fourteen years of his residence in Burmah, was so deeply tinged with the spirit of religious adventure and romance, his private experience was marked by so many sorrows, and his fortunes were connected with women so gifted and so lovely, that no one of the materials essential to an interesting memoir is wanting. But our readers must remember, that it is the Memoir of a man whose life was devoted to a single cause, and that one

of the most solemn and momentous that can engage a human being. They must not, therefore, look for the light and graceful qualities which give a charm to memoirs of a different class. The full-sized portrait which Dr. Wayland has drawn, as well as the miniature copy which we have taken from it, is of a man intensely serious, and living in the midst of the most laborious and solemn duties.

Adoniram Judson, Jr., the son of a Congregational minister, was born at Malden, August 9, 1788, and was graduated as the first scholar in his class, at Providence College, now Brown University, in September, 1807. He was a youth of great intellectual activity and of a boundless ambition, which had been stimulated by the injudicious encouragement of his father. When he left college, deeply infected with the infidel notions which were so prevalent at that period, he kept school a year in Plymouth, where his father then resided. He made known his doubts to his father, who, unable to comprehend or sympathize with such a state of mind, treated him with great harshness. His father's dogmatism and arguments he could refute, but he could never shake off the impression made upon him by the affecting persuasions, remonstrances, and prayers of his mother. At the close of his school, in August, 1808, he made a journey through the Northern States, staid a short time in New York, where he was connected in some way with a theatrical company, and visited Sheffield in Massachusetts. There he was much affected by the gentle and solemn earnestness of a young minister with whom he conversed on religious subjects.

"The next night he stopped at a country inn. The landlord mentioned, as he lighted him to his room, that he had been obliged to place him next door to a young man who was exceedingly ill, probably in a dying state; but he hoped that it would occasion him no uneasiness. Judson assured him that, beyond pity for the poor sick man, he should have no feeling whatever, and that now, having heard of the circumstance, his pity would not of course be increased by the nearness of the object. But it was, nevertheless, a very restless night. Sounds came from the sick chamber,—sometimes the movements of the watchers, sometimes the groans of the sufferer; but it was not these which disturbed him. He thought of what the landlord had said,—the stran-

ger was probably in a dying state; and was he prepared? Alone, and in the dead of night, he felt a blush of shame steal over him at the question, for it proved the shallowness of his philosophy. What would his late companions say to his weakness? The clear-minded, intellectual, witty E——, what would he say to such consummate boyishness? But still his thoughts *would* revert to the sick man. . . . As soon as he had risen, he went in search of the landlord, and inquired for his fellow-lodger. 'He is dead,' was the reply. 'Dead!' 'Yes, he is gone, poor fellow! The doctor said he would probably not survive the night.' 'Do you know who he was?' 'O, yes; it was a young man from Providence College,—a very fine fellow; his name was E——.' Judson was completely stunned. After hours had passed, he knew not how, he attempted to pursue his journey. But one single thought occupied his mind, and the words, Dead! lost! lost! were continually ringing in his ears. He knew the religion of the Bible to be true; he felt its truth; and he was in despair. In this state of mind, he resolved to abandon his scheme of travelling, and at once turned his horse's head towards Plymouth."—Vol. I. pp. 24, 25.

While he continued in this state of mind, the Rev. Dr. Griffin and Rev. Moses Stuart, both at that time Professors in the Theological Seminary at Andover, visited his father, and by their advice he connected himself with the Seminary, though not at first as a candidate for the ministry. He at length became fully convinced of the truth of Christianity, and on the 2d of December, 1808, as he has recorded, made a dedication of himself to God. While he was considering in what field of labor he should spend his life, he read a pamphlet called "The Star in the East," which made a deep impression upon him, and led him to think seriously of becoming a missionary.

"For some days," he says, in a letter written at Maulmain, nearly thirty years afterwards, "I was unable to attend to the studies of my class, and spent my time in wondering at my past stupidity, depicting the most romantic scenes in missionary life, and roving about the college rooms, declaiming on the subject of missions. My views were very incorrect, and my feelings extravagant; but yet I have always felt thankful to God for bringing me into that state of excitement, which was perhaps necessary, in the first instance, to enable me to break the strong attachment I felt to home and country, and to endure the thought of abandoning all my wonted pursuits and animating prospects. That

excitement soon passed away; but it left a strong desire to prosecute my inquiries, and ascertain the path of duty. It was during a solitary walk in the woods behind the college, while meditating and praying on the subject, and feeling half inclined to give it up, that the command of Christ, 'Go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature,' was presented to my mind with such clearness and power, that I came to a full decision, and though great difficulties appeared in my way, resolved to obey the command at all events."—Vol. I. pp. 51, 52.

As early as September, 1808, a missionary society had been formed at Williams College, of which Samuel J. Mills was a leading member. About the same time, Samuel J. Nott, Jr., while studying theology with his father in Connecticut, had thought seriously of giving himself to some missionary labor among the heathen. In 1809–10, these young men were brought together at Andover, and by mutual sympathy and prayer quickened each other's zeal. In June, 1810, they laid the matter before the General Association of Ministers in Massachusetts, offering themselves as candidates for missionary labors. Their communication was favorably received, a Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was established, and the young men, Adoniram Judson, Jr., Samuel Nott, Jr., Samuel J. Mills, and Samuel Newell, were advised to put themselves under its patronage. This was the origin of the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions," which, during the forty-three years of its existence, has been constantly increasing its resources and enlarging the sphere of its operations, till it has become, through the voluntary contributions of individuals from year to year, the most richly endowed and influential voluntary association in the United States.

In 1811, Mr. Judson was sent to England in order to consult with a missionary board there. He was taken prisoner on his way out by a French privateer, confined at first in the hold of the vessel, and afterwards in a prison at Bayonne, in France, from which he made his escape in a very singular manner, and finally succeeded in getting to England and arranging matters there to his mind.

"He was at this time small and exceedingly delicate in figure, with a round, rosy face, which gave him the appearance of extreme youth-

fulness. His hair and eyes were of a dark shade of brown, in his French passport described as 'chestnut.' His voice, however, was far from what would be expected of such a person, and usually took the listeners by surprise. An instance of this occurred in London. He sat in the pulpit with a clergyman somewhat distinguished for his eccentricity, and at the close of the sermon was requested to read a hymn. When he had finished, the clergyman arose, and introduced his young brother to the congregation as a person who proposed devoting himself to the conversion of the heathen, adding, 'And if his faith is proportioned to his voice, he will drive the Devil from all India.' — Vol. I. p. 74.

Soon after his return to this country, he was married to Ann Hasseltine, ordained as a missionary to India, and in February, 1812, sailed from Salem for Calcutta, where he arrived in the following June. Soon after their arrival at Calcutta, both he and his wife, who had been studying the subject during their long passage, were baptized by immersion, and thus, in becoming Baptists, virtually separated themselves from the religious body by whom they had been sent out. He gives the reasons of his change in a long, heavy letter. His wife's communications on the subject are much more interesting, and better fitted for a biography.

"It was," she says with evident sincerity, "extremely trying to reflect on the consequences of our becoming Baptists. We knew it would wound and grieve our dear Christian friends in America,—that we should lose their approbation and esteem. We thought it probable the commissioners would refuse to support us; and, what was more distressing than any thing, we knew we must be separated from our missionary associates, and go alone to some heathen land. These things were very trying to us, and caused our hearts to bleed for anguish. We felt we had no home in this world, and no friend but each other." — Vol. I. p. 107.

He wrote to Rev. Dr. Bolles, a Baptist minister in Salem, and threw himself upon the Baptists for support. His appeal was generously responded to. A new interest in the subject was awakened, and the dormant energies of the denomination were roused. Missionary societies were formed in all our principal cities, and finally these smaller societies were merged in one great association, called the American Baptist Missionary Union, which, last year, raised a hundred



and thirty-five thousand, and voted to increase the sum for the current year to a hundred and sixty thousand, dollars. This society supports one hundred and thirty missionaries, of whom sixty-four are preachers and sixty-six assistants. Besides these, it employs two hundred and five native preachers and assistants. There are one hundred and eighty-two churches, with more than fourteen thousand members, of whom thirteen hundred and sixty-one were added the last year. Its preachers may be found among North American Indians, in France, Germany, and Greece, at Bexley and Little Bassa on the coast of Africa, while in Asia its flourishing stations may be found at Rangoon, Maulmain, and Tavoy, in Arracan, at Sandoway, Bangoock, Hongkong, Ningpo, Sib-sagor, and among the Teloogoos at Nellore; and from these central points, out-stations, as they are called, are constantly advancing into the interior of the country.

Soon after their arrival, the missionaries were driven from Calcutta by the Honorable East India Company,\* when they took refuge in the Isle of France. Afterwards, returning as far as Madras, Mr. and Mrs. Judson were forced to put to sea in an old, crazy vessel, with imminent peril to her life. After a long voyage, they arrived at Rangoon, which is situated near one of the mouths of the Irrawadi, and which was then the principal seaport of the Burman empire.

"I went on shore," said Mr. Judson, "just at night, to take a view of the place, and the mission-house; but so dark, and cheerless, and unpromising did all things appear, that the evening of that day, after my return to the ship, we have marked as the most gloomy and distressing that we ever passed. Instead of rejoicing, as we ought to have done, in having found a heathen land from which we were not immediately driven away, such were our weaknesses that we felt we had no portion left here below, and found consolation only in looking beyond our pilgrimage, which we tried to flatter ourselves would be short, to that peaceful

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\* Sir James Mackintosh, under date of September 4, 1813, speaking of his first appearance in the House of Commons after his return from India, says: "My first division was a rather singular one, both because I was in a minority, and one composed of saints. It was in support of the declaration that missionaries ought to be permitted to go to India, under proper precautions. This appeared to me no more than a bare toleration of Christianity."—*Life of Sir James Mackintosh*, Vol. II. p. 268, in the fine Boston edition recently published by Messrs. Little and Brown.

region where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. But if ever we commended ourselves sincerely, and without reserve, to the disposal of our Heavenly Father, it was on this evening. And after some recollection and prayer, we experienced something of the presence of Him who cleaveth closer than a brother; something of that peace which our Saviour bequeathed to his followers, — a legacy which we know from this experience endures when the fleeting pleasures and unsubstantial riches of the world are passed away.” — Vol. I. pp. 120, 121.

At that time, there was not probably in all Burmah a single native who had embraced the religion of Jesus. Mr. and Mrs. Judson, from a remote continent, ignorant of the language, customs, and institutions of those around them, had come there in order to free them from the oppressive superstitions of ages, and to effect a revolution in the religious and moral character of the people.

“The means,” we use Dr. Wayland’s language, “by which this was to be accomplished was very simple. It was the announcement of the message from God to man, attended by the omnipotent power of the spirit of God.” “The Burmans are a reading people. They have their religious books, and they demanded our Scriptures that they might read for themselves.”

Hence it was evident that two things were essential, first, preaching, or oral instruction, to awaken an interest in the subject, then the Scriptures, to be circulated among the inhabitants in their native tongue. The missionaries immediately gave themselves up to the study of the language, and, under all their discouragements, they were sustained by the conviction that they were engaged in a great and holy work. Mr. Judson said:—

“I keep myself as busy as possible all day long, from sunrise till late in the evening, in reading Burman, and conversing with the natives. I have been here a year and a half, and so extremely difficult is the language — perhaps the most difficult to a foreigner of any on the face of the earth, next to the Chinese — that I find myself very inadequate to communicate divine truth intelligibly. I have, in some instances, been so happy as to secure the attention, and in some degree to interest the feelings, of those who heard me; but I am not acquainted with a single instance in which any permanent impression has been produced.” — Vol. I. p. 169.

Again, Mrs. Judson says:—

“We frequently receive letters from our Christian friends in this part of the world, begging us to leave a field so entirely rough and uncultivated, the soil of which is so unpromising, and enter one which presents a more plentiful harvest. God grant that we may live and die among the Burmans, though we should never do any thing more than smooth the way for others. . . . .

“We need much, very much grace, that we may be faithful, and bear a faithful testimony to the religion of Jesus.”—Vol. I. pp. 170, 171.

Three years pass by. Not a convert has been made, nor have they been able to induce a single native Burman even to inquire about the new religion. Their friends at home begin to be impatient for some visible tokens of success.

“If they ask again,” writes Mr. Judson, “What prospect of ultimate success is there? tell them, As much as that there is an almighty and faithful God, who will perform his promises, and no more. If this does not satisfy them, beg them to let me stay and try it, and to let you come, and to give us our *bread*; or, if they are unwilling to risk their bread on such a forlorn hope as has nothing but the WORD OF GOD to sustain it, beg of them, at least, not to prevent others from giving us bread; and, if we live some twenty or thirty years, they may hear from us again.

“This climate is good,—better than in any other part of the East. But it is a most filthy, wretched place. Missionaries must not calculate on the least comfort, but what they find in one another and their work. However, if a ship was lying in the river, ready to convey me to any part of the world I should choose, and that, too, with the entire approbation of all my Christian friends, I would prefer dying to embarking.”—Vol. I. p. 179.

“We desire humbly to repeat to the board what the first missionaries from the Baptist society in England said to their friends, when on the point of embarkation in the great work which seems destined to illumine Western India with the light of the Gospel. ‘We are,’ said they, ‘like men going down into a well; you stand at the top and hold the ropes. Do not let us fall.’ Hold us up, brethren and fathers; and if health and life be spared to us, we hope, through the grace of God, to see Eastern India also beginning to participate in the same glorious light. Many years may intervene, in the latter as well as in the former case; many difficulties and disappointments may try your faith and ours.

But let patience have her perfect work; let us not be weary of well-doing; for in due time we shall reap, *if we faint not.*" — Vol. I. p. 184.

After a long time a printing-press is secured. Mr. Judson published two small tracts, one of four, the other of six, 12mo pages, and distributed them. He began to print a small edition of the Gospel of St. Matthew. At length, March 7, 1817, he is able to say:—

"I have this day been visited by the first inquirer after religion that I have ever seen in Burmah. For, although in the course of the last two years I have preached the Gospel to many, and though some have visited me several times, and conversed on the subject of religion, yet I have never had much reason to believe that their visits originated in a spirit of sincere inquiry. Conversations on religion have always been of my proposing, and, though I have sometimes been encouraged to hope that truth had made some impression, never, till to-day, have I met with one who was fairly entitled to the epithet of *inquirer*.

"As I was sitting with my teacher, as usual, a Burman of respectable appearance, and followed by a servant, came up the steps, and sat down by me. I asked him the usual question, where he came from, to which he gave no explicit reply, and I began to suspect that he had come from the government house, to enforce a trifling request which in the morning we had declined. He soon, however, undeceived and astonished me, by asking, 'How long time will it take me to learn the religion of Jesus?' I replied, that such a question could not be answered. If God gave light and wisdom, the religion of Jesus was soon learned; but, without God, a man might study all his life long, and make no proficiency. 'But how,' continued I, 'came you to know any thing of Jesus? Have you ever been here before?' 'No.' 'Have you seen any writing concerning Jesus?' 'I have seen two little books.' 'Who is Jesus?' 'He is the Son of God, who, pitying creatures, came into this world, and suffered death in their stead.' 'Who is God?' 'He is a being without beginning or end, who is not subject to old age and death, but always is.' I cannot tell how I felt at this moment. This was the first acknowledgment of an eternal God that I had ever heard from the lips of a Burman. I handed him a tract and catechism, both which he instantly recognized, and read here and there, making occasional remarks to his follower, such as, 'This is the true God; this is the right way,' &c. I now tried to tell him some things about God and Christ, and himself, but he did not listen with much attention, and seemed anxious only to get another book. I had already told him two

or three times that I had finished no other book, but that in two or three months I would give him a larger one, which I was now daily employed in translating. 'But,' replied he, 'have you not a little of that book done, which you will graciously give me now?' And I, beginning to think that God's time is better than man's, folded and gave him the first two half sheets, which contain the first five chapters of Matthew, on which he instantly rose, as if his business was all done, and, having received an invitation to come again, took leave."—Vol. I. pp. 187, 188.

Here was ground for encouragement. Copies of the tracts were multiplied. The translation of the Gospel of St. Matthew was completed, and copies circulated among the natives, who, as they came from different parts of the empire for purposes of trade or to their religious festivals, gladly received them and carried them home to their kindred and neighbors. Curiosity is excited. The seeds of divine truth are borne back into distant places. The matter is talked over, and new interest is awakened. The faith in Gaudama is shaken in many minds. Religious discussions and controversies are carried on among the natives. New inquirers come to the missionary, and some of them, belonging to the educated classes, severely task his mind by their powers of reasoning, and their habits of philosophical thought.

Still, six years pass by before a single convert has been baptized. At length, this entry is made: "July 4, Lord's day. 1819. We have had the pleasure of sitting down, for the first time, to the Lord's table with a converted Burman." Mrs. Judson thus announces the event:—

"Little did I think, when I last wrote, that I should so soon have the joyful intelligence to communicate, that one Burman has embraced the Christian religion, and given good evidence of being a true disciple of the dear Redeemer. This event, this single trophy of victorious grace, has filled our hearts with sensations hardly to be conceived by Christians in Christian countries. This event has convinced us that God can and does operate on the minds of the most dark and ignorant, and that he makes his own truths, his own word, the instrument of operation. It serves also to encourage us to hope that the Lord has other chosen ones in this place."—Vol. I. pp. 224, 225.

Other converts are added. The zayat, where the good missionary had sat whole months without a single visitor, was now

constantly frequented. The viceroy, passing by on a huge elephant, attended by his guards and numerous suite, eyes them very closely, and sends in two secretaries, signifying his highness's desire to see the manner in which printing is executed. A learned man, a teacher, who for years has been trying, encouraging, perplexing, and disheartening them, gives himself up as a follower of Jesus, and proves faithful to the end.

But these successes awaken the suspicions of the government, and the natives are no longer at liberty, as heretofore, to visit the *zayat* when they please. It is thought best that Mr. Judson should go to Ava, the capital of Burmah, and, if possible, obtain from the emperor liberty to continue his labors at Rangoon. He was to go up the Irrawadi some four hundred miles. Accordingly, taking as a present for the emperor a Bible in six volumes, covered with gold-leaf in Burman style, and other presents such as he thought most likely to propitiate different members of the government, he left Rangoon on the 21st of December, 1819.

"The expedition," he said, "on which we have entered, however it may terminate, is unavoidably fraught with consequences momentous and solemn beyond all conception. We are penetrating into the heart of one of the great kingdoms of the world, to make a formal offer of the Gospel to a despotic monarch, and through him to the millions of his subjects. May the Lord accompany us, and crown our attempt with the desired success, if it be consistent with his wise and holy will."—Vol. I. p. 250.

In about a month, he reached the imperial city, and on the 27th of January, he was allowed to see the emperor.

"The scene," he says, "to which we were now introduced really surpassed our expectation. The spacious extent of the hall, the number and magnitude of the pillars, the height of the dome, the whole completely covered with gold, presented a most grand and imposing spectacle. Very few were present, and those evidently great officers of state. Our situation prevented us from seeing the farther avenue of the hall; but the end where we sat opened into the parade which the emperor was about to inspect. We remained about five minutes, when every one put himself into the most respectful attitude, and Mounng Yo whispered that his majesty had entered. We looked through the hall

as far as the pillars would allow, and presently caught sight of this modern Ahasuerus. He came forward unattended,—in solitary grandeur,—exhibiting the proud gait and majesty of an Eastern monarch. His dress was rich, but not distinctive; and he carried in his hand the gold-sheathed sword, which seems to have taken the place of the sceptre of ancient times. But it was his high aspect and commanding eye that chiefly riveted our attention. He strided on. Every head excepting ours was now in the dust. We remained kneeling, our hands folded, our eyes fixed on the monarch. When he drew near, we caught his attention. He stopped, partly turned towards us,—‘Who are these?’ ‘The teachers, great king,’ I replied. ‘What, you speak Burman,—the priests that I heard of last night?’ ‘When did you arrive?’ ‘Are you teachers of religion?’ ‘Are you like the Portuguese priest?’ ‘Are you married?’ ‘Why do you dress so?’ These and some other similar questions we answered, when he appeared to be pleased with us, and sat down on an elevated seat, his hand resting on the hilt of his sword, and his eyes intently fixed on us. Moungh Zah now began to read the petition. . . . .

“The emperor heard the petition, and stretched out his hand. Moungh Zah crawled forward and presented it. His majesty began at the top, and deliberately read it through. In the mean time, I gave Moungh Zah an abridged copy of the tract, in which every offensive sentence was corrected, and the whole put into the handsomest style and dress possible. After the emperor had perused the petition, he handed it back without saying a word, and took the tract. Our hearts now rose to God for a display of his grace. ‘O, have mercy on Burmah! Have mercy on her king!’ But alas! the time was not yet come. He held the tract long enough to read the first two sentences, which assert that there is one eternal God, who is independent of the incidents of mortality, and that beside him there is no God; and then, with an air of indifference, perhaps disdain, he dashed it down to the ground. Moungh Zah stooped forward, picked it up, and handed it to us. Moungh Yo made a slight attempt to save us by unfolding one of the volumes, which composed our present, and displaying its beauty; but his majesty took no notice. Our fate was decided. After a few moments, Moungh Zah interpreted his royal master’s will in the following terms: ‘Why do you ask for such permission? Have not the Portuguese, the English, the Mussulmans, and people of all other religions, full liberty to practise and worship according to their own customs? In regard to the objects of your petition, his majesty gives no order. In regard to your sacred books, his majesty has no use for them: take them away.’ . . . . .

"He then rose from his seat, strided on to the end of the hall, and there, after having dashed to the ground the first intelligence that he had ever received of the eternal God, his Maker, his Preserver, his Judge, he threw himself down on a cushion, and lay listening to the music, and gazing at the parade spread out before him."—Vol. I. pp. 254–256.

So his hopes in that quarter had to be all abandoned. He sought and obtained an interview with the chief minister, but gained nothing by it.

"It was now evening. We had four miles to walk by moonlight. . . . And, as our first parents took their solitary way through Eden, hand in hand, so we took our way through this great city, which, to our late imagination, seemed another Eden, but now, through the magic touch of disappointment, seemed blasted and withered, as if smitten by the fatal influence of the cherubic sword."—Vol. I. p. 258.

He returned to Rangoon, called the disciples together, and found them all firm. "We told them that it was our intention never to desert Burmah; but that, since the emperor refused to tolerate our religion, we thought it necessary to leave for a time those parts of the empire which are immediately under his dominion." The native converts and inquirers were so earnest in the matter, however, that it was decided not to abandon the mission. Mr. and Mrs. Judson soon after were obliged to take a voyage to Calcutta, on account of her health. They left Rangoon in July, 1820, and returned on the 5th of January, 1821. In the autumn of the same year, Mrs. Judson reluctantly left the mission and her husband at Rangoon, for a voyage to the United States, the only thing that gave any promise of renewed health. Before the close of the summer, eighteen native Burmans had been baptized, and "all but two had maintained an irreproachable Christian profession." Mr. Judson had been joined by Rev. J. Price, M.D., a missionary physician, whose success in his profession, particularly in operations on the eyes, was soon so celebrated at Ava, that he was summoned to the capital by the emperor. He went, accompanied by Mr. Judson, and arrived at Ava in September, 1822. They were kindly received by the emperor, who wished them to make Ava their place of residence. The difficulty in the case of Dr. Judson was, to procure a vacant spot where he could erect a building in which to carry



on his missionary operations. He had several interviews with the king, of which the following may serve as a specimen:—

“He [the king] inquired about the Burmans who had embraced my religion. ‘Are they real Burmans? Do they dress like other Burmans?’ &c. I had occasion to remark that I preached every Sunday. ‘What! in Burman?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Let us hear how you preach.’ I hesitated. An a-twen-woon repeated the order. I began with a form of worship which first ascribes glory to God, and then declares the commands of the law of the Gospel; after which I stopped. ‘Go on,’ said another a-twen-woon. The whole court was profoundly silent. I proceeded with a few sentences, declarative of the perfections of God, when his majesty’s curiosity was satisfied, and he interrupted me. In the course of subsequent conversation, he asked what I had to say of Gaudama. I replied, that we all knew he was the son of King Thog-dau-dah-nah; that we regarded him as a wise man and a great teacher, but did not call him God. ‘That is right,’ said Moung K. N., an a-twen-woon who had not hitherto appeared very friendly to me. And he proceeded to relate the substance of a long communication which I had lately made to him, in the privy council room, about God and Christ, &c. And this he did in a very clear and satisfactory manner, so that I had scarcely a single correction to make in his statement. Moung Zah, encouraged by all this, really began to take the side of God before his majesty, and said, ‘Nearly all the world, your majesty, believe in an eternal God, all except Burmah and Siam, these little spots!’ His majesty remained silent, and after some other desultory inquiries, he abruptly arose, and retired.”—Vol. I. pp. 313, 314.

A lot of ground was at last procured, though with every precaution against the encroachments of foreigners.

“‘Understand, teacher,’ said the chief officer, in concluding the arrangement, ‘that we do not give you the entire owning of this ground. We take no recompense, *lest it become American territory*. We give it to you for your present residence only, and, when you go away, shall take it again.’ ‘When I go away, my lord, those at whose expense the house is to be built, will desire to place another teacher in my stead.’ ‘Very well, let him also occupy the place; but when he dies, or when there is no teacher, we will take it.’ ‘In that case, my lord, take it.’” —Vol. I. p. 317.

Every thing now seemed going on prosperously; and Mr. Judson went to Rangoon to meet his wife, who soon after arrived from America, with health greatly improved, and, seven

days after her arrival at Rangoon, they were on their way to Ava. But before they reached the imperial city, they were met by rumors of war, and then by a powerful Burman army under their distinguished general, Bandoola, on their way to invade the British province of Chittagong. They were coldly received at the capital, and soon found themselves, in common with all foreigners, the objects of an unjust and cruel suspicion. Their friend, Dr. Price, was out of favor at court. While they were anxiously waiting the turn which affairs might take, the king, with all the pomp of Eastern royalty, came into the city to take formal possession of a new palace which he had been erecting.

After a few days, news came that the English had taken Rangoon. "The government were now all in motion." New corps of troops were sent off, and the only apprehension expressed was, lest the English, on hearing of the formidable armaments sent against them, would flee to their ships and escape before time had been given to secure them as slaves. The condition of the missionaries became more perilous. The English residents at Ava were put into confinement. "We now," says Mrs. Judson, "began to tremble for ourselves, and were in daily expectation of some bloody event."

"On the 8th of June, just as we were preparing for dinner, in rushed an officer holding a black book, with a dozen Burmans, accompanied by *one*, whom, from his spotted face, we knew to be an executioner, and a 'son of the prison.' 'Where is the teacher?' was the first inquiry. Mr. Judson presented himself. 'You are called by the king,' said the officer,—a form of speech always used when about to arrest a criminal. The spotted man instantly seized Mr. Judson, threw him on the floor, and produced the small cord, the instrument of torture. I caught hold of his arm. 'Stay,' said I; 'I will give you money.' 'Take her too,' said the officer; 'she also is a foreigner.' Mr. Judson, with an imploring look, begged they would let me remain till further orders. The scene was now shocking beyond description. The whole neighborhood had collected; the masons at work on the brick house threw down their tools, and ran; the little Burman children were screaming and crying; the Bengalee servants stood in amazement at the indignities offered their master; and the hardened executioner, with a kind of hellish joy, drew tight the cords, bound Mr. Judson fast, and dragged him off I knew not whither. In vain I begged and entreated the spotted face to

take the silver, and loosen the ropes ; but he spurned my offers, and immediately departed. I gave the money, however, to Mounng Ing to follow after, to make some further attempt to mitigate the torture of Mr. Judson ; but instead of succeeding, when a few rods from the house, the unfeeling wretches again threw their prisoner on the ground, and drew the cords still tighter, so as almost to prevent respiration." — Vol. I. pp. 338, 339.

With remarkable presence of mind, Mrs. Judson destroyed all her letters and other papers, lest they should be tortured into evidence against her husband. She then came out and submitted to the examination of the magistrate, who, after inquiring very minutely of every thing she knew, ordered the place to be shut, and stationed a guard of ten officers before it.

"It was now dark. I retired to an inner room with my four little Burman girls, and barred the doors. The guard instantly ordered me to unbar the doors and come out, or they would break the house down. I obstinately refused to obey, and endeavored to intimidate them by threatening to complain of their conduct to higher authorities on the morrow. Finding me resolved in disregarding their orders, they took the two Bengalee servants, and confined them in the stocks in a very painful position. I could not endure this, but called the head man to the window, and promised to make them all a present in the morning, if they would release the servants. After much debate, and many severe threatenings, they consented, but seemed resolved to annoy me as much as possible. My unprotected, desolate state, my entire uncertainty of the fate of Mr. Judson, and the dreadful carousings and almost diabolical language of the guard, all conspired to make it by far the most distressing night I had ever passed." — Vol. I. pp. 339, 340.

The second day, she learned that Dr. Judson and all the white foreigners were confined in the death-prison, with three pairs of iron fetters each, and fastened to a long pole to prevent their moving. On the third day, she succeeded in getting permission to leave her house. She was kindly received by the governor of the city, and through her entreaties, seconded by the powerful influence of a bribe, she was allowed to visit the prison.

"Mr. Judson crawled to the door of the prison,—for I was never allowed to enter,—gave me some directions relative to his release ; but before we could make any arrangement, I was ordered to depart

by those iron-hearted jailers, who could not endure to see us enjoy the poor consolation of meeting in that miserable place. In vain I pleaded the order from the governor for my admittance; they again harshly repeated, 'Depart, or we will pull you out.' The same evening the missionaries, together with the other foreigners, who paid an equal sum, were taken out of the common prison, and confined in an open shed in the prison inclosure. Here I was allowed to send them food, and mats to sleep on, but was not permitted to enter again for several days."—Vol. I. pp. 341, 342.

This imprisonment, first at Ava and then at Oung-pen-la, some ten or twelve miles from the city, continued twenty-one months, and Mrs. Judson's account of it, in a letter to Mr. Judson's brother, is one of the most affecting narratives that we have ever read. She was herself, most of the time, in infirm health, and had several severe attacks of illness. Her husband was subjected to the harshest treatment; he suffered terribly from repeated sicknesses and the cruelty of his keepers, and must assuredly have perished had it not been that "an angel ministered unto him."

"Then," as Dr. Wayland with equal truth and beauty of expression has said, "were revealed those elements of character which designated Mrs. Judson as one of the most remarkable women of her age. She was the only European female in Ava, and the only foreigner who was not consigned to prison. Her whole time, with the exception of twenty days when she was confined by the birth of her child, was devoted to the alleviation of the sorrows of her husband and his fellow-prisoners. Perfectly familiar with the Burman language, of a presence which commanded respect even from savage barbarians and encircled her with a moral atmosphere in which she walked unharmed in the midst of a hostile city with no earthly protector, she was universally spoken of as the guardian angel of that band of sufferers. Sometimes she appealed to the officers of government, but more frequently to their wives, and pleaded for compassion with an eloquence which even they could not resist. Fertile in resources, and wholly regardless of her own privations or exposure, she was incessantly occupied in alleviating the pain, or ministering to the wants, of those who had no other friend.

"Rarely does it happen that the moral extremes of which our nature is susceptible are brought into so striking contrast as in the present instance. On the one hand might here have been seen the most degraded of mankind inflicting in sport the most horrid cruelties, month after

month, upon their fellow-men, some of whom had sacrificed every earthly comfort for the good of their tormentors; and on the other hand there were seen, in the midst of this horde of ruffians, a lady, whose intelligence and refinement had quite lately won the admiration of the highest circles of the British metropolis, soothing the sorrows of the captive, ministering to the wants of the sick, providing and preparing food for the starving, consoling the dying with words of heavenly peace; heedless of meridian suns and midnight dews, though surrounded by infection, devoting herself with prodigal disinterestedness to the practice of heavenly charity, and sustaining the courage of men inured to danger and familiar with death by the example of her own dauntless resolution." — Vol. I. pp. 329, 330.

She made her applications to the queen, to Bandoola, the favorite general, and wherever there could be the least hope of assistance. The following is an account of one of her many interviews with the governor of the city, and gives some indication of the sort of power she had over him. She had just heard that Dr. Judson and his companions were put into the inner prison, and each loaded with five pairs of fetters.

"I went immediately to the governor's house. He was not at home, but had ordered his wife to tell me, when I came, not to ask to have the additional fetters taken off, or the prisoners released, for *it could not be done*. I went to the prison gate, but was forbidden to enter. All was as still as death,—not a white face to be seen, or a vestige of Mr. Judson's little room remaining. I was determined to see the governor, and know the cause of this additional oppression, and for this purpose returned into town the same evening, at an hour I knew he would be at home. He was in his audience-room, and, as I entered, looked up without speaking, but exhibited a mixture of shame and affected anger in his countenance. I began by saying, 'Your lordship has hitherto treated us with the kindness of a father. Our obligations to you are very great. We have looked to you for protection from oppression and cruelty. You have in many instances mitigated the sufferings of those unfortunate though innocent beings committed to your charge. You have promised me particularly that you would stand by me to the last, and though you should receive an order from the king, you would not put Mr. Judson to death. What crime has he committed to deserve such additional punishment?' The old man's hard heart was melted, for he wept like a child. 'I pity you, Tsa-yah-ga-dau,'—a name by which he always called me; 'I knew you would

make me feel; I therefore forbade your application. But you must believe me when I say I do not wish to increase the sufferings of the prisoners. When I am ordered to execute them, the least that I can do is, to put them out of sight. I will now tell you,' continued he, 'what I have never told you before, — that three times I have received intimations from the queen's brother to assassinate all the white prisoners privately; but I would not do it. And I now repeat it, though I execute all the others, I will never execute your husband. But I cannot release him from his present confinement, and you must not ask it.' I had never seen him manifest so much feeling, or so resolute in denying me a favor, which circumstance was an additional reason for thinking dreadful scenes were before us.

"The situation of the prisoners was now distressing beyond description. It was at the commencement of the hot season. There were above a hundred prisoners shut up in one room, without a breath of air excepting from the cracks in the boards. I sometimes obtained permission to go to the door for five minutes, when my heart sickened at the wretchedness exhibited. The white prisoners, from incessant perspiration and loss of appetite, looked more like the dead than the living. I made daily applications to the governor, offering him money, which he refused; but all that I gained was permission for the foreigners to eat their food outside, and this continued but a short time." — Vol. I. pp. 350, 351.

After this, while Dr. Judson was suffering severely from a fever, he with his fellow-prisoners was removed to Oung-pen-la under circumstances of the most aggravated cruelty, tied together two and two, without hat or shoes, driven at the hottest season, under a burning sun, over sand and gravel which seemed like burning coals to their feet. The governor had contrived to divert Mrs. Judson's attention, so that she did not know when her husband was taken. She soon, however, heard a vague report respecting it, and ran immediately to the governor. He promised to send a man to make inquiries; but added, "You can do nothing more for your husband; *take care of yourself.*" With a heavy heart she went to her room. For several days she had been thinking how she might contrive means to get into the prison. "But now," she says, "I looked towards the gate . . . . with no wish to enter. All was the stillness of death, . . . . all my employment, all my occupations, seemed to have ceased, and I had

nothing left but the dreadful recollection that Mr. Judson was carried off, I knew not whither." She collected her few articles of value, deposited them at the house of the governor, and with her infant daughter, two Burman children, and faithful Bengalee cook, who adhered to them through all their sufferings, she went on the track of her husband, till she reached Oung-pen-la, where she was conducted directly to the prison yard. The prison was an old, shattered building without a roof. Under a low projection outside sat the foreigners, chained together two and two, almost dead with sufferings and fatigue. They had been there but an hour or two when she arrived. She did all that could be done to alleviate the wretchedness of their condition. Her husband's fever still continued. The morning after their arrival, one of the Burman children was taken with the small-pox, and soon her own infant child had it severely, and more than three months elapsed before it perfectly recovered. Mrs. Judson's constitution seemed at length to be utterly worn down. She set out in an ox-cart for Ava, to procure medicines and food. After a most painful journey, as she says,

"I just reached Oung-pen-la when my strength seemed entirely exhausted. The good native cook came out to help me into the house; but so altered and emaciated was my appearance, that the poor fellow burst into tears at the first sight. I crawled on to the mat in the little room, to which I was confined for more than two months, and never perfectly recovered until I came to the English camp. At this period, when I was unable to take care of myself, or look after Mr. Judson, we must both have died, had it not been for the faithful and affectionate care of our Bengalee cook. . . . .

"Our dear little Maria was the greatest sufferer at this time, my illness depriving her of her usual nourishment, and neither a nurse nor a drop of milk could be procured in the village. By making presents to the jailers, I obtained leave for Mr. Judson to come out of prison, and take the emaciated creature around the village, to beg a little nourishment from those mothers who had young children. Her cries in the night were heart-rending, when it was impossible to supply her wants. . . . . Sometimes our jailors seemed a little softened at our distress, and, for several days together, allowed Mr. Judson to come to the house, which was to me an unspeakable consolation. Then, again, they would be as iron-hearted in their demands as though we were free from

sufferings, and in affluent circumstances. The annoyance, the extortions, and oppressions, to which we were subject during our six months' residence in Oung-pen-la, are beyond enumeration or description."—Vol. I. pp. 360–362.

One evening, it was rumored that all the prisoners were to be put to death at three o'clock in the morning, and under this apprehension they passed the night. A touching sketch is given of Dr. Judson's thoughts and emotions while waiting for the hour of execution. In the morning,

"the jailer came; and, in answer to their questions, chucked them mockingly under the chin, and told them, O no; he could not spare his beloved children yet, just after—kicking the bamboo as he spoke, till all the chains rattled, and the five rows of fetters dashed together, pinching sharply the flesh that they caught between them—just after he had taken so much trouble to procure them fitting ornaments."—Vol. I. p. 386.

"Sometimes," we quote here from an account given by the present Mrs. Judson, "for weeks together, they had no food but rice, savored with ngapee, —a certain preparation of fish, not always palatable to foreigners. But once, when a term of unusual quiet gave her time for the softer and more homely class of loving thoughts, Mrs. Judson made a great effort to surprise her husband with something that should remind him of home. She planned and labored, until, by the aid of buffalo beef and plantains, she actually concocted a mince pie. Unfortunately, as she thought, she could not go in person to the prison that day; and the dinner was brought by smiling Moung Ing, who seemed aware that some mystery must be wrapped up in that peculiar preparation of meat and fruit, though he had never seen the well-spread boards of Plymouth and Bradford. But the pretty little artifice only added another pang to a heart whose susceptibilities were as quick and deep, as, in the sight of the world, they were silent. When his wife had visited him in prison, and borne taunts and insults with and for him, they could be brave together; when she had stood up like an enchantress, winning the hearts of high and low, making savage jailers, and scarcely less savage nobles, weep; or moved, protected by her own dignity and sublimity of purpose, like a queen along the streets, his heart had throbbed with proud admiration; and he was almost able to thank God for the trials which had made a character so intrinsically noble shine forth with such peculiar brightness. But in this simple, homelike act, this little, unpretending effusion of a loving heart, there



was something so touching, so unlike the part she had just been acting, and yet so illustrative of what she really was, that he bowed his head upon his knees, and the tears flowed down to the chains about his ankles. . . . . He saw again the home of his boyhood. His stern, strangely revered father, his gentle mother, his rosy, curly-haired sister, and pale young brother were gathered for the noonday meal, and he was once more among them. And so his fancy revelled there. Finally he lifted his head. He moved his feet, and the rattling of the heavy chains was a death knell. He thrust the carefully prepared dinner into the hand of his associate, and as fast as his fetters would permit, hurried to his own little shed." — Vol. I. pp. 378, 379.

At length, the imperial government, constrained by repeated reverses in the war, began to feel the necessity of listening to some terms of peace; and Dr. Judson, as the man best fitted to assist them in their negotiations with the English, was taken from prison and sent to the Burman camp. Here he rendered essential services, for which he afterwards received a vote of thanks from the East India government. While he was thus absent, his wife was taken down by the spotted fever, with all its attendant horrors, and reduced so low, that the Burmese neighbors who came in to see her expire, said, "She is dead; and if the King of angels should come in, he could not recover her." When she was beginning to recover, the news came that Dr. Judson had been again committed to prison.

"I was too weak," she said, "to bear ill tidings of any kind; but a shock so dreadful as this almost annihilated me. . . . . If I ever felt the value and efficacy of prayer, I did at this time. I could not rise from my couch; I could make no efforts to secure my husband; I could only plead with that great and powerful Being who has said, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, and *I will hear*, and thou shalt glorify me,' and who made me at this time feel so powerfully this promise that I became quite composed, feeling assured that my prayers would be answered." — Vol. I. pp. 365, 366.

Dr. Judson heard of her illness, and succeeded in getting permission to visit her.

"The door stood invitingly open, and, without having been seen by any one, he entered. The first object which met his eye was a fat, half-

naked Burman woman, squatting in the ashes beside a pan of coals, and holding on her knees a wan baby, so begrimed with dirt that it did not occur to the father it could be his own. He gave but one hasty look, and hurried to the next room. Across the foot of the bed, as though she had fallen there, lay a human object, that, at the first glance, was scarcely more recognizable than his child. The face was of a ghastly paleness, the features sharp, and the whole form shrunken almost to the last degree of emaciation. . . . The whole room presented an appearance of the very extreme of wretchedness, more harrowing to the feelings than can be told. There lay the devoted wife, who had followed him so unweariedly from prison to prison, ever alleviating his distresses, without even common hireling attendance." — Vol. I. p. 394.

After so many months of suffering, they were at last set at liberty, and sent down the river to the British camp. "It was on a cool, moonlight evening in the month of March, that, with hearts filled with gratitude to God, and overflowing with joy at our prospects, we passed down the Irrawadi, surrounded by six or eight golden boats, and accompanied by all we had on earth." "And with what sensations of delight did I behold the masts of the steamboat, the sure presage of being within the bounds of civilized life." "I presume to say that no persons on earth were ever happier than we were during the fortnight we passed at the English camp." Many years afterwards, in a company of friends who were discussing the different kinds of sensuous enjoyment, and had given some striking illustrations, Dr. Judson said, "I know of a much higher pleasure than that. What do you think of floating down the Irrawadi, on a cool, moonlight evening, with your wife by your side, and your baby in your arms, free, — all free? But *you* cannot understand it either; it needs a twenty-one months' qualification; and I can never regret my twenty-one months of misery, when I recall that one delicious thrill. I think I have had a better appreciation of what heaven may be ever since."

They were most kindly received by the English general, Sir Archibald Campbell. "Nor were the attentions of brave men ever more worthily bestowed; for even that army of war-worn veterans could not boast of a more heroic spirit than

that which animated the slender and wasted form of Ann Hasseltine Judson."

Amherst, which had been selected for the capital of the Tenasserim provinces, was now chosen by the missionaries as the place from which, under the auspices, or at least under the protection, of the British government, they could carry on their operations. On the 2d of July, 1826, they reached Amherst, and on the 5th, Dr. Judson left his wife there, while he went back to Rangoon and Ava, in the suite of Mr. Crawford, the British commissioner, who had been appointed to treat with the Burman government. He had joined the embassy with the hope of having some influence in procuring terms of religious toleration. But he soon found himself disappointed in this respect, and was obliged to continue in a service which had very little to interest him. While at Ava, on the 24th of November, he heard of the death of Mrs. Judson. Her constitution probably had been worn out by the hardships and incessant labors of the last two years. She died on the 24th of October, in the thirty-seventh year of her age. "She had sickened and died among strangers. A few native Christian women were her only female attendants." Her "last request to Dr. Richardson, her medical attendant, was, that he would convey to her husband her earnest entreaty that he would never consent to enter the service of the British government, but confine himself exclusively to the duties of his religious mission." We cannot dismiss the account of this remarkable woman without a few words more. An English officer, Major Calder Campbell, thus describes her appearance when he met her on the Irrawadi river, just as he had been robbed and severely wounded by his boatmen.

"She was seated in a large sort of swinging chair, of American construction, in which her slight, emaciated, but graceful form appeared almost ethereal. Yet, with much of heaven, there were still the breathings of earthly feeling about her; for at her feet rested a babe, a little, wan baby, on which her eyes often turned with all a mother's love; and gazing frequently upon her delicate features, with a fond yet fearful glance, was that meek missionary, her husband. Her face was pale, very pale, with that expression of deep and serious thought which

speaks of the strong and vigorous mind within the frail and perishing body; her brown hair was braided over a placid and holy brow; but her hands — those small, lily hands — were quite beautiful; beautiful they were, and very wan; for ah, they told of disease, — of death, — death in all its transparent grace, — when the sickly blood shines through the clear skin, even as the bright poison lights up the Venetian glass which it is about to shatter. That lady was Mrs. Judson, whose long captivity and severe hardships amongst the Burmese have since been detailed in her published journals.

“I remained two days with them; two delightful days they were to me. Mrs. Judson’s powers of conversation were of the first order, and the many affecting anecdotes that she gave us of their long and cruel bondage, their struggles in the cause of religion, and their adventures during a long residence at the court of Ava, gained a heightened interest from the beautiful, energetic simplicity of her language, as well as from the certainty I felt that so fragile a flower, as she in very truth was, had but a brief season to linger on earth.” — Vol. I. p. 399.

Dr. Wayland, whose acquaintance among intelligent, noble women must have been unusually extensive, and whose judgment is as little likely as any one’s to be carried away by his feelings, says of her: —

“I do not remember ever to have met a more remarkable woman. To great clearness of intellect, large powers of comprehension, and intuitive female sagacity, ripened by the constant necessity of independent action, she added that heroic disinterestedness which naturally loses all consciousness of self in the prosecution of a great object. These elements, however, were all held in reserve, and were hidden from public view by a veil of unusual feminine delicacy. To an ordinary observer, she would have appeared simply a self-possessed, well-bred, and very intelligent gentlewoman. A more intimate acquaintance would soon discover her to be a person of profound religious feeling, which was ever manifesting itself in efforts to impress upon others the importance of personal piety. The resources of her nature were never unfolded until some occasion occurred which demanded delicate tact, unflinching courage, and a power of resolute endurance even unto death. When I saw her, her complexion bore that sallow hue which commonly follows residence in the East Indies. Her countenance at first seemed, when in repose, deficient in expression. As she found herself among friends who were interested in the Burman mission, her reserve melted away, her eye kindled, every feature was lighted up with enthusiasm, and she was everywhere acknowledged to be one of the most fascinating of women.” — Vol. I. p. 304.

The little child, born in the midst of so much suffering, soon followed her mother, and for the next eight years, Dr. Judson was left with no domestic ties to bind him to the earth. He gave himself with greater zeal and devotedness, if possible, than ever to his work, wherever it might call him. He relinquished, first a twentieth, and then a quarter part of his salary, and gave all his property, amounting to six thousand dollars, to the American Baptist Missionary Union. Finding that much of his time was taken up in social intercourse, he denied himself entirely the pleasure of cultivated society, though no one could enjoy it more; and in a spirit not unlike that of St. Paul's appeal to King Agrippa, wrote to Sir Archibald Campbell, whose kindness he had so often experienced: "O Sir Archibald, the glittering colors of this world will soon fade away; the bubbles of life will soon burst and disappear; the cold grave will soon close upon our worldly enjoyments, and honors, and aspirings; and where then will our souls be?" "Turn away thine eye from the fleeting shadows, and thine ear from the empty sounds of earth." "Give thine heart to the Friend and Lover of man, who hung and died upon the cross to redeem us from eternal woe, and thou shalt find such peace and sweetness as thou hast never yet conceived of." "But if thou wilt not give thy heart to God, thou wilt never find true happiness here, thou wilt never see his face in peace."

In July, 1826, Dr. Judson removed from Amherst to Maulmain, which was henceforth to be the principal seat of the Burman mission. He went afterwards from Maulmain to Rangoon, to Prome, thence to Rangoon, and to Maulmain again. From Maulmain he made frequent excursions among the Karens in their native jungles, penetrating the recesses of the forest and threading every accessible rivulet. "Wherever he could find listeners, were they many or few, there he stopped to discourse on the message of redeeming love. Whether from his boat or on the shore, whether by day or by night, he was always ready to reveal to these wandering barbarians the love of God in sending his Son for our redemption. In this work he was remarkably successful." "It was, moreover, the work in which, above all others, he delighted." As, at the commencement of his labors at Rangoon, he built a

zayat by the way-side, and told every passer-by that Christ had died for him and now offered him eternal life, so now, wherever he went, he proclaimed the same truths, and the darker his prospects looked, the more earnestly he prayed. His preaching in the Burman language, in which he was more at home than in his native tongue, was peculiarly earnest and impressive.

Wrapt in the views of an overshadowing eternity and the appalling magnitude of the work in which he was engaged, with no domestic relations to soothe his wearied mind or connect him with civilized life, it is not strange that Dr. Judson found himself living more and more as the inhabitant of another world, and guarding with the jealousy of an anchorite against every thing that might tend to draw his thoughts or affections from it. The life and writings of Madame Guyon, the *Imitation of Christ*, and the kindred works of Fénelon and Thomas Law, were his favorite books. He framed severe rules of discipline for himself. "Get the king's daughter, and you get all; the grace of devotion is the daughter of God." "Do nothing from your own will, but all from the will of God." "Keep turning the soul to God until it habitually rest in God." "Keep the cross of Christ in view." Among the ways in which he was exposed to self-indulgence, he particularly noted these: "The passion for neatness, uniformity, and order in the arrangement of things. A disposition to suffer annoyance from little improprieties in the behaviour and conversation of others. Unwillingness to bear contradiction." His love of order and neatness, which he considered excessive, and likely to interfere with his labors among the filthy Karens, he endeavored to overcome by performing repulsive offices for those who were sick with the most revolting diseases.

He longed for a nearer resemblance to the Divine nature, and for this purpose practised austerities which he never thought of recommending to others, and which he imposed upon himself only for a time, in order to bring himself into perfect submission to the will of God. His strongest earthly affections had been transferred to another world, "where were gathered all, both created and uncreated, whom he most dearly loved. The realities of eternity were ever present to his mind;

and there naturally arose within him a desire, amounting to a passion, to become assimilated as nearly as it was possible to those whom he loved, who were now without sin." For a further view of his conduct in these particulars, we can only refer to Dr. Wayland's excellent remarks, near the close of his first volume, and to the general estimate of Dr. Judson's character and labors with which he concludes the work.

After a solitary life of nearly eight years, Dr. Judson was married, at Tavoy, in April, 1834, to Mrs. Sarah Hall, widow of Rev. George D. Boardman,—a woman who had already had great experience and success in the missionary enterprise. She died on the 1st of September, 1845. To the general reader, these eleven years will perhaps appear to be the least interesting, though not the least instructive, part of the memoir. They were by no means the least laborious or the least trying part of Dr. Judson's life. He was, indeed, cheered by the sympathy and assistance of a woman of uncommon loveliness in all her private relations, and of remarkable wisdom and devotedness in her more public duties. But the novelty of the mission was now gone. He was no longer, as he had been, in exposed and dangerous situations. Other men had joined him in his labors. He was surrounded at Maulmain by quite a society of missionaries. Converts were numbered by hundreds, and around him were several successful missionary stations. Having been the first on the ground, he was generally looked up to as a father and counsellor; and excellent advice he gave, both to the missionary board at home, and to young men about to enter the field.

He was opposed to large missionary establishments in any one spot. He believed that the New Testament furnished the best directions and the best models for the extension of the Gospel among unbelievers. He would have the laborers, like the primitive disciples, go from village to village, establish themselves wherever a suitable field might be found, come as soon as possible into contact with the natives, excite inquiry, make converts, form churches, educate and employ the natives as assistants, make their disciples familiar with Christian doctrines and precepts by personal intercourse, by books, and especially by the circulation of the Scriptures in their own language.

"There is," he writes, "a strange, unaccountable reluctance among my missionary brethren to leave this place [Maulmain]. Not a soul will look towards Tavoy, though poor Mrs. Mason has been here, and spent a week with us, imploring our aid. . . . The general reply which I get from the brethren is, 'We must stay and get the language.' But look at dear Boardman. In eleven months after landing at Amherst, he was in Tavoy. And what a light he kindled up during his short life! . . . How much better for a young missionary to dash into Toung-oo, or some other place, get the language from the living sounds, build up a church, kindle up a bright light that will never go out!" — Vol. II. pp. 79, 80.

A year later, he says:—

"I have now learned that one missionary standing by himself, feeling his individual responsibility, and *forced to put forth all his efforts*, is worth half a dozen cooped up in one place, while there are unoccupied stations in all directions, and whole districts, of thousands, and hundreds of thousands, perishing in the darkness of heathenism. . . . I have now five native assistants, who spend an hour with me, every morning, in reporting the labors of the preceding day, in receiving instructions, and in praying together. These men penetrate every lane and corner of this place and the neighboring villages; and since I have adopted this plan,—about four months,—there are some very encouraging appearances. As soon as I get through with the Old Testament complete, I want to double their number, and devote part of my time to instructing them systematically. Now, ten such persons, half students, half assistants, cost no more than one missionary family; and for actual service, they are certainly worth a great deal more. This is the way in which I think missions ought to be conducted. One missionary, or two, at most, ought to be stationed in every important central place, to collect a church and an interest around him; to set the native wheels to work, and to keep them at work. Very few native assistants will hold out well unless well instructed, and kept under rigid supervision. An additional missionary would doubtless do good; but nearly all the good he would do would probably be done if he were away, laboring in some other place, which, but for him, would be unoccupied, and where, of course, all that he should effect would be so much net gain to the cause." — Vol. II. pp. 99–101.

On this point he was exceedingly earnest, and we believe that the whole history of successful missions, from the time of the Apostles, goes to prove the soundness of his views. On another point he was equally decided. He would first convert



and then educate the heathen. The preaching of the Gospel should go before the establishment of schools. When once the natives had embraced Christianity, it would be easy to interest them and their children in the cause of education. Schools would then spring up under Christian auspices, where Christian feelings and ideas would be instilled. But schools for heathen children, pledged, as the government schools had been, to educate the young without imbuing them with Christian principles, would raise up powerful opponents to the missionary cause, especially when these seminaries were only English schools. He considered it a matter of great importance to infuse the precepts of our religion into the mother tongue of those whom he would convert, that it might address itself to them through all the subtle associations of their native language.

"I am more and more convinced," he says in 1849, "of the truth of a remark which I made some years ago, that *English preaching, English teaching, and English periodicals* are the bane of missions at the East. . . . It begins to be found that popular English schools, containing hundreds of pupils and instructed by great and powerful men, — but men ignorant of all native languages, — will never convert the millions of the heathen. 'Such schools,' as the senior missionary of the Kishnagur mission lately observed to me, on visiting this place, 'are very pretty things to amuse English visitors with, and make interesting reports for people at a distance, who cannot enter into the merits of the case.'" — Vol. II. p. 318.

His advice to young men preparing for missionary labors is marked by his keen good-sense and the earnestness of a soul entirely devoted to the cause. He would have them led only by the highest motives. "I have seen so much of the trials and responsibility of missionary labors, that I am unwilling to urge any one to assume them. The urging must come from a higher source." He would have them engage for life, and for no limited term.

"It is with regret and consternation that we have just learned that a new missionary has come out for a limited term of years." "I have seen the beginning, middle, and end of several limited term missionaries. They are all good for nothing." "They come out for a few years, with the view of acquiring a stock of credit on which they may vegetate the

rest of their days, in the congenial climate of their native land." "As to lessening the trials of the candidate for missions, and making the way smooth before him, it is just what ought not to be done. *Missionaries need more trials on their first setting out, instead of less.*" "The motto of every missionary, whether preacher, printer, or school-master, ought to be, *Devoted for life.* A few days ago, brother Kincaid was asked by a Burmese officer of government how long he intended to stay. '*Until all Burmah worships the eternal God,*' was the prompt reply."

In a letter to young men about to embark for the East, he advises them not to "be ravenous to do good on shipboard, for missionaries have frequently done more hurt than good, by injudicious zeal on their passage out." After warning them against the danger arising from flattering attentions at home, he quietly adds, "It may be profitable to bear in mind, that a large proportion of those who come out on missions to the East die within five years after leaving their native land. Walk softly, therefore; death is narrowly watching your steps."

From these and other intimations, we should infer that Dr. Judson did not always find that the young missionaries entered the field with his own singleness of purpose and spirit of self-sacrifice, though many of them were worthy of their high calling. Still more was he, at times, tried by his native assistants. He writes thus respecting two of them:—

"If Thah-byoo is refractory, and threatens to perpetrate any enormities, such as baptizing and the like, his allowance must be cut off. This will make him exceedingly reasonable. If the Karens will not come to Rangoon to be baptized, they may stay at home. Ko Thah-a must never be allowed to go to their villages and baptize by the dozen, nor must he baptize in Rangoon, only on the conditions specified in my letter. . . . If Thah-a is refractory, there is a way of taming him."

Most of these assistants, however, were faithful and devoted men. As an offset to what we have given above, we would subjoin the following account of another, who soon after died at his post in the fulness of the Christian faith.

"During the last year of his life, Ko Ing was supported from the donations of Mr. Colgate of New York. But at the close of October,

1833, he wrote, that, on account of his unworthiness and want of success, he declined receiving any further allowance; that his wife — of whose conversion he had been the means — was able, by keeping a small shop, to support the family; but that he intended, however, to devote himself the same as before to the work to which he had been called. Accordingly, the same letter reports his labors and states his plans for future operations. Such communications he continued to make till his death." — Vol. II. p. 90.

The following extract from his journal kept for the missionary board in this country leaves a painful impression on our mind, while it proves the perfect honesty and faith of the writer. The disposition to suppress unfavorable facts, and to give an exaggerated importance to those of an opposite kind, is one which is so often indulged by the directors of associations depending on public sympathy for support, that we seldom read the published reports of any such society without making, as we go along, large deductions from their statements. We can easily see how utterly repugnant this course must have been to an honest man like Judson, who had accustomed himself to look at difficulties as they were, and to meet them with a brave heart. In the case before us, he has been speaking of the apostasy of two converts, of whom the missionaries had had great expectations, and whose defection had caused six other hopeful inquirers to fall off. He then adds: —

"I respectfully request, and sincerely hope, that this article may be neither suppressed nor polished. The principle of 'double selection,' as it is termed, that is, one selection by the missionary and another by the publishing committee, has done great mischief, and contributed more to impair the credit of missionary accounts than any thing else. We in the East, knowing how extensively this principle is acted on, do scarcely give any credit to the statements which appear in some periodicals, and the public at large are beginning to open their eyes to the same thing. It is strange to me that missionaries and publishing committees do not see the excellency and efficacy of the system pursued by the inspired writers, — that of exhibiting the good and the bad alike. Nothing contributes more to establish the authenticity of the writing. A temporary advantage gained by suppressing truth is a real defeat in the end." — Vol. II. p. 46.

He several times refers to this matter, and always most

earnestly requests and demands that discouraging statements may not be suppressed. "Let the truth," he said, "the whole truth, be known, and let us put our trust in God."

From the time when Dr. Judson first came to Rangoon, in 1813, one of his most earnest wishes had been to give to the Burmese the Bible in their own language. He devoted to this work no small part of his time and strength for nearly thirty years. He made himself as familiar as possible with the Burmese literature, and with the terse idiomatic expressions which are used in conversation by the common people. He read the Scriptures in the original languages, and, surrounded by the ablest commentaries of the age, translated directly from the Hebrew and Greek into the Burman. At Rangoon, and, we believe, at Maulmain, he had a retired chamber or garret, to be reached only by means of a ladder, where he devoted himself to this great work in a spirit and under circumstances which remind us of Martin Luther in his *Patmos* at Wartburg, dwelling amid the sublime visions of prophets and apostles, and laboring to make them familiar to the common people in their native tongue. An English traveller, who visited his study in 1830, says:—

"We entered a large, low room through a space like a trap-door. The beams of the roof were uncovered. The furniture consisted of a table in the centre of the room, a few stools, and a desk, with writings and books neatly arranged on one side. . . . He dwelt with much pleasure on the translation of the Bible into the Burman language. He had completed the New Testament, and was then as far as the Psalms in the Old Testament, which having finished, he said he trusted it would be the will of his Heavenly Father to call him to his everlasting home. . . . As we were conversing, the bats, which frequent the houses at Rangoon, began to take their evening round, and whirled closer and closer, till they came in almost disagreeable contact with our heads; and the flap of the heavy wings so near us interrupting the conversation, we at length reluctantly took leave and departed. And this, thought I, as I descended the dark ladder, is the solitary abode of Judson, whom after ages shall designate, most justly, the great and good."

First, he published the Gospel of Matthew, then, separately, other small portions of the Bible. At length, January 31,

1834, he wrote: "Thanks be to God, I can now say I have attained. I have knelt down before him with the last leaf in my hand, and, imploring his forgiveness for all the sins which have polluted my labors in this department, and his aid in future efforts to remove the errors and imperfections which necessarily cleave to the work, I have commended it to his mercy and grace; I have dedicated it to his glory."

He still, however, continued to labor upon it, and nearly seven years later, December 25, 1840, when a new edition was published, he wrote:—

"I have bestowed more time and labor on the revision than on the first translation of the work, and more, perhaps, than is proportionate to the actual improvement made. Long and toilsome research among the Biblical critics and commentators, especially the German, was frequently requisite to satisfy my mind that my first position was the right one. Considerable improvement, however, has been made, I trust, both in point of style and approximation to the real meaning of the original. But the *beau ideal* of translation, so far as it concerns the poetical and prophetic books of the Old Testament, I profess not to have attained. If I live many years, of which I have no expectation, I shall have to bestow much more labor upon those books. With the New Testament I am rather better satisfied, and the testimony of those acquainted with the language is rather encouraging. At least, I hope that I have laid a good foundation for my successors to build upon."—Vol. II. p. 160.

The translation thus happily finished is acknowledged by competent authorities to be the best translation of the Scriptures that has ever been made into any one of the Eastern languages.

One great purpose of Dr. Judson's life was thus accomplished. Another wish, even dearer to his heart, had also been fulfilled, which was, that he might be the pastor of a church of a hundred native converts. Long since, the church in Maulmain had exceeded what he had dared to ask in his early prayers. In 1849, it contained a hundred and fifty Burman members, and the Karen church in the same place had two thirds as many.

But he still had his trials. His health had begun seriously to decline as early as 1841, and he never after was able to use his voice as he had done before. In 1845, his wife, whose

health had long been failing, was reduced to such a state, that nothing, it was thought, but a long voyage, could benefit her. He accompanied her to the Isle of France, where at first she was so much improved that he concluded to return to Burmah, and let her come to this country without him. But an unfavorable change soon took place. They left for the United States; but the day they reached St. Helena, September 1, 1845, she died, leaving him and his motherless children to continue their voyage. A biographical account of Mrs. Judson has been written, by Mrs. Emily C. Judson; and though we should prefer greater simplicity of style in the memoir of a modest, devout, single-hearted woman like her, it is nevertheless one of the most interesting books of the kind that we have any knowledge of.

Dr. Judson arrived at Boston on the 15th of October. He was everywhere received with great favor. Though it was known that he could hardly speak at all in public, crowds gathered wherever it was given out that he was to be present at a public meeting. Congratulatory addresses were made, which were briefly responded to by him,—often through the voice of another. But the good man had no taste for this sort of notoriety. He shrunk from it with a sort of nervous dread. It seemed to him inconsistent with a true humility to allow himself to be made the object of so much adulation. Our rough winds renewed the disease in his throat, and even slight attempts at public speaking aggravated the difficulty.

“I dread the meeting this evening,” he wrote, “but as it has been appointed, I suppose I must attend. My chief object in writing is to beg that I may be excused from attending any more such meetings, until I get better. . . . If I could spend the next Sabbath alone in some chamber, I should feel it a great privilege, both as a refreshment to the soul and a relief to the body.”

“Of his humility,” says Dr. Wayland, “no one who observed the tone of his religious sentiments could entertain a doubt. He was my guest during his brief visit to Providence; and conducted family worship on the evening after a meeting to welcome his return had been held in the First Baptist Church. His prayer on that occasion can never be forgotten by those who heard it. So lowly abasement in the presence of unspotted holiness, such earnest pleadings for pardon for

the imperfection of those services for which men praised him, so utter renunciation of all merit for any thing that he had ever done, and so entire reliance for acceptance with God only on the merits and atonement of the Gospel sacrifice for sin, I think it was never my happiness to hear on any other occasion. Such, I believe, was the habitual temper of his mind, that the more his brethren were disposed to exalt him, the more deeply did he seem to feel his own deficiencies, and the more humble was his prostration at the foot of the cross."—Vol. II. pp. 214, 215.

But amid all these flattering attentions, it was plain that his heart was in Burmah, and that he longed to be once more in the midst of his labors. On the 2d of June, 1846, he was married to Miss Emily Chubbuck, better known in the literary world as "Fanny Forester"; on the 11th of July, they sailed from Boston, and on the 27th of November, he writes: "The wide expanse of the ocean is again crossed; the Maulmain mountains loom in the distant horizon; the Kyaik-a-mee pagoda indicates the promontory of Amherst; and now, on the green bank beyond, I discern, with a telescope, the small inclosure which contains the sleeping-place of my dear Ann and her daughter Maria. Like my missionary associates, the members of my own family are scattered far and wide; for the mounds that mark their graves stud the burial-places of Rangoon, Amherst, Maulmain, Serampore, and St. Helena." The work which was to occupy his time mostly for the rest of his life, an English-Burman and Burman-English Dictionary, was a work requiring immense labor and for which he had little taste. Its great importance, and the fact that he was the only person living who was fitted to prepare it, reconciled him to the otherwise uncongenial task.

On arriving at Maulmain, he found the churches in good condition, and all the departments well supplied, while in Rangoon, and indeed in all Burmah proper, there was not a single missionary. For this reason he determined to remove with his family to Rangoon, though, as he said, "it was harder to leave Maulmain for Rangoon, than to leave Boston for Maulmain." But he could prepare his Dictionary there as well as at Maulmain, and perhaps, at the same time, do something to extend the knowledge of Christianity, though the

system of religious intolerance was never before so rigidly enforced. He hired the upper story of a large, dreary, prison-like house, for three hundred dollars a year, where he found more company than he had bargained for.

"We have had," he says, March 2d, 1847, "a grand bat hunt yesterday and to-day,—bagged two hundred and fifty, and calculate to make up a round thousand before we have done. We find that, in hiring the upper story of this den, we secured the lower moiety only, the upper moiety thereof being preoccupied by a thriving colony of vagabonds, who flare up through the night with a vengeance, and the sound of their wings is as the sound of many waters, yea, as the sound of your boasted Yankee Niagara; so that sleep departs from our eyes, and slumber from our eyelids."—Vol. II. p. 280.

Just at this time, a fire at Maulmain consumed their most valuable goods, which they had left there as in a safer place than Rangoon. These personal losses, however, though subjecting them to great inconveniences, were easy to bear. But there were other trials far more severe. The acting governor was a ferocious, bloodthirsty monster, and, his suspicions being excited, he had given orders that the missionary-house should be watched, and any natives who might visit it be apprehended. This broke up the religious meetings which had been held there.

"I feel the blow most deeply," said Dr. Judson, "for I had just succeeded in reorganizing a little church, out of old materials and some lately baptized, amounting in number to eleven, nearly all pure Burmans; and last Sunday I had an assembly of above twenty. Several new ones were expected to-day, and two would probably have been baptized. I had become so attached to the little church and assembly, and so glad on every returning Lord's day to lay aside my tedious Dictionary labors, and spend all the day in obtaining and communicating spiritual refreshment, that the present interruption seems almost too hard to bear. However, I hope to do something yet, in private, to aid a few perishing souls, who are struggling, through darkness and terror, to find a way of escape from the more dread darkness and terror of eternal death."—Vol. II. p. 289.

He proposed now to ask permission from the emperor to continue his missionary labors, and had got leave from the governor at Rangoon to visit Ava for that purpose. But when



he was most sanguine in his hopes, orders came from this country that the expenses of the mission must be reduced, and he was obliged, not only to give up the visit to Ava, but to leave Rangoon and withdraw to Maulmain. This was the severest trial of all; for it came from his friends, and for a little while seemed almost more than he could bear.

"There was," says his widow, "additional bitterness in the manner of his disappointment, and in the hands from which it came. 'I thought they loved me,' he would say, mournfully, 'and they would scarcely have known it if I had died.' 'All through our troubles, I was comforted with the thought that my brethren in Maulmain and in America were praying for us, and they have never once thought of us.' At other times, he would draw startling pictures of missionaries abandoning the spirit of their mission, and sacrificing every thing to some darling project; and at others, he would talk hopelessly of the impulsive nature of the home movements, and then pray, in a voice of agony, that these sins of the children of God might not be visited on the heathen. This was an unnatural state of excitement, — for *him*, peculiarly unnatural, — and he was not long in recovering from it. He very soon began to devise apologies for every body, and said we must remember that, so far as *we* were concerned, or the missionary cause itself, God had done this thing, and done it, as he always does, for good." — Vol. II. pp. 302, 303.

Dr. Judson's private letters were never more playful and easy than during the short period of life that now remained. His affections, if not stronger, seemed to become more gentle, and his sympathies more genial than ever. Without losing any thing of his devotedness to the cause in which his life had been spent, his personal feelings towards his children, his sister, and his many friends, old and new, seemed to flow out with a peculiar tenderness.

But the end was at hand. A violent cold in November, 1849, was followed by a fever, from which the now aged missionary never fully recovered. A voyage was recommended, as the only thing which gave any promise of improved health. He embarked for the Isle of France on the 3d of April, was detained in the vessel several days before she put to sea, and, after great sufferings, died on the 12th of April, 1850. A single extract from a letter of Mrs. Judson to his sister will show with what feelings he looked forward to the change.

“‘It is the opinion of most of the mission,’ I remarked, ‘that you will not recover.’ ‘I know it is,’ he replied; ‘and I suppose they think me an old man, and imagine it is nothing for one like me to resign a life so full of trials. But I am not old, — at least in that sense; you know I am not. O, no man ever left this world, with more inviting prospects, with brighter hopes or warmer feelings, — warmer feelings,’ he repeated, and burst into tears. His face was perfectly placid, even while the tears broke away from the closed lids, and rolled, one after another, down to the pillow. There was no trace of agitation or pain in his manner of weeping, but it was evidently the result of acute sensibilities, combined with great physical weakness. To some suggestions which I ventured to make, he replied, ‘It is not that, — I know all that, and feel it in my inmost heart. Lying here on my bed, when I could not talk, I have had such views of the loving condescension of Christ, and the glories of heaven, as I believe are seldom granted to mortal man. It is not because I shrink from death that I wish to live, neither is it because the ties that bind me here, though some of them are very sweet, bear any comparison with the drawings I at times feel towards heaven; but a few years would not be missed from my eternity of bliss, and I can well afford to spare them, both for your sake and for the sake of the poor Burmans. I am not tired of my work, neither am I tired of the world; yet when Christ calls me home, I shall go with the gladness of a boy bounding away from his school. Perhaps I feel something like the young bride, when she contemplates resigning the pleasant associations of her childhood for a yet dearer home, — though only a very little like her, for *there is no doubt resting on my future.*’ ‘Then death would not take you by surprise,’ I remarked, ‘if it should come even before you could get on board ship?’ ‘O no,’ he said, ‘death will never take me by surprise, — do not be afraid of that, — I feel *so strong in Christ.* He has not led me so tenderly thus far, to forsake me at the very gate of heaven. No, no; I am willing to live a few years longer, if it should be so ordered; and if otherwise, I am willing and glad to die now. I leave myself entirely in the hands of God, to be disposed of according to his holy will.’” — Vol. II. pp. 345, 346.

We have thus gone rapidly over the life of this modern apostle, dwelling only on those acts and events which seemed to us most characteristic of the man and his work. No one, we think, can doubt either his sincerity or the signal ability with which he gave himself to the greatest Christian enterprise of our day. His success, though slow, and, even at the end of forty years, bearing no proportion to what remains unac-

completed, went nevertheless beyond his early hopes, and to his keen eye and undoubting faith gave an assurance of the final ascendancy of our religion among the nations. "We live," he said, "in wonderful times. Every revolution among the kingdoms of the earth seems to be designed to prepare the way for the universal establishment of the kingdom of Christ."

There are two conditions of society peculiarly favorable to the introduction of Christianity. One is that of entirely uncultivated tribes, without the vices of civilization and with only the rudest and most embryotic ideas of religion. Such was the state of the Sandwich Islanders, the Greenlanders, the Karens, and other barbarous tribes, who have readily embraced Christianity, and need only the culture of successive generations to be trained up as Christian nations. The other condition favorable to the introduction of Christianity is that of an effete civilization, where the people have outgrown the established religion, and, no longer restrained either by its articles of faith or its precepts of moral duty, are giving themselves up to infidelity, and the general licentiousness of thought and life consequent on such a state of religious opinion. This was the condition of the Roman empire in the time of Jesus and his Apostles, and it is to a great extent the condition of the Burman and Chinese empires now, where, notwithstanding the influences of religious caste and of a powerful and thoroughly organized priesthood, the old superstitions are crumbling to dust, and leaving the way open for the advent of a new and living faith.

The measures now in progress may seem wholly inadequate to the work. But they are not more inadequate than those by which the nations of Europe were evangelized. A few zealous men, with none of the implements most in repute among the wise and powerful of the world, went, unobserved, through the whole extent of the Roman empire, making their converts mostly among those who had no influence in the schools of philosophy or the councils of state, and when, after a century or two, the jealous eye of the magistrate was turned upon them, and the attempt was made to cut them off by persecution, the rulers and the philosophers found, to their astonish-

ment and consternation, that this could be done only by depopulating cities and provinces, and robbing the empire of its strength. The national temples were deserted, or nominal worshippers were drawn to the altars by their reverence for the memory of their fathers, and through the influence of early associations. But the vitality of their faith was gone. The sacred places were disenchanted, and, though the fanes and images remained, the divinities themselves had departed.

“The oracles are dumb,  
No voice or hideous hum  
Runs through the arched roof, in words deceiving.  
Apollo from his shrine  
Can no more divine,  
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.  
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,  
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.”

This, so far as we can learn, is very much the present state of things among the independent nations of Asia. Buddhism and Braminism have lost their old enchantment, and have assumed forms which in their logical results are hardly to be distinguished from atheism. The existing governments, whose interest it has been to uphold the established religion, are known only by their oppressions and extortions, and have lost all hold on the affections of the people. The Memoir of Dr. Judson confirms us in the opinion expressed by Sir James Mackintosh forty years ago, after a residence of eight years in India, that any European government, however corrupt, that could be exercised over the inhabitants of the East, must be a relief from the cruelties and exactions to which they are now subjected, and the corruption which everywhere prevails. And not only the governments which seek to uphold the ancient faith, but the religious institutions which go deeper than any political authority, shrink back from before the active intelligence and enterprise of the West, which are every year making their way further into the East. They who come most in contact with Western habits of thought gradually lose their respect for forms of worship which they have been accustomed to revere. Hence the national faith is gradually undermined. The most enlightened thinkers, on the one hand, and the most efficient business men, on the other, become sceptics

or atheists; and this subtle unbelief, when once it begins to take possession of the leading minds of a people, prevails far more extensively than can be inferred from any thing that appears upon the surface. But nations like these, with their hundreds of millions of souls, must have some religion. Christianity has already found its way among them, and been hospitably received by many thousands. Its sacred books, statements of its leading doctrines, short but powerfully written tracts, enforcing its claims and challenging comparison with the prevailing forms of belief, are circulated everywhere. Its missionaries are traversing forests and mountains, and, with the help of native assistants, carrying it back into retired villages, while the remote jungles echo with the sound of Christian hymns and prayers. Wars, so full of misery and so hostile to the spirit of our religion, have thus far greatly aided the missionaries in their work; and revolutions, like that now going on in China, lay open new fields for the advance of soldiers who, armed with no mortal weapons, go forth to conquests more thorough and more enduring than those of Carlovingian or Tartar dynasties. It is not the work of a day or of a single generation, but of centuries, that is now begun. And if much of barbarism still clings to those who adopt our faith, we have only to go back a thousand years to the savage tribes from whom we and the most enlightened of European nations are descended, to see how slow the Christian religion then was in subduing the characters and moulding the manners and habits of those who professed to receive it. If forty years have done so little, we must remember how many centuries had passed before the religion of the cross was allowed to seat itself on the imperial throne at Rome or Byzantium, and how severe the struggle was between the new religion and the old, even after the days of Constantine.

We look forward, therefore, with great hope, to the prospects of the missionary enterprise in the East. And in all its future triumphs, the name of the brave, single-hearted pioneer, whose life we have endeavored to sketch, will be mentioned with honor. There may be something of the amiable exaggeration of private friendship and personal ad-

miration in the words of Dr. Wayland, when he says, "God has given him a name which is spoken with affectionate reverence by every household in Christendom." But there is truth as well as eloquence in the far higher eulogium that follows.

"He asked that he might redeem a few immortal souls from eternal death, and it was granted to him to lay the foundations of Christian civilization for an empire. When the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdoms of the Lord and of his Christ; when every pagoda shall have been levelled, and every hill-top, from the Bay of Bengal to the foot of the Himalaya, shall be crowned with a temple to Jehovah; when the landscape shall be thickly studded with schools, scattering broadcast the seeds of human knowledge; when law shall have spread the shield of its protection over the most lowly and the most exalted; when civil and religious liberty shall be the birthright of every Burman,—then will the spot where stood the prison at Oung-pen-la be consecrated ground; thither will pilgrims resort to do honor to the name of their benefactor; and mothers, as they teach their children to pray to the eternal God, will remind them of the atheism of their forefathers, and repeat to them the story of the life and labors of Adoniram Judson."—Vol. II. pp. 403, 404.

We have been too much taken up with the subject of Dr. Wayland's book to say much of the book itself, and that is perhaps the highest commendation that can be bestowed on a work of this kind. It is, indeed, of a character to disarm criticism. It places before us, in the simplest form, the life and labors of a man devoted, heart and soul, to a single undertaking. The enlarged portrait, like the miniature picture that we have drawn from it, is, as we have said, profoundly serious, and enlivened by few of those touches of grace and humor which lend a charm to the lighter departments of literature. But all the private letters of Dr. Judson till he had entered on the last portion of his life had been destroyed, and there were few materials left for his biographer beyond the half-official communications which he transmitted from time to time to the missionary society by which he was employed. And besides, a man situated as he was, going through such an experience and actuated by such motives, cannot leave materials for a biography which shall serve to amuse an idle

hour. He was too intensely in earnest for that. He was, however, richly endowed in all those kindly elements which give a charm to domestic life. Though heavy and repeated sorrows crossed his threshold, he was singularly blessed in his private relations, and the notices that we have here of his two wives are full of affecting interest and instruction.

As a work for the religious community, especially for those interested in missions, and *most* especially for Baptists, the Memoir is admirably prepared. To them the fulness of detail, drawn from Dr. Judson's journals, which may in some cases weary the general reader, will greatly add to the value of the book, which is throughout catholic in its tone, and pervaded by the widest charity, as well as the most enlightened wisdom. Dr. Wayland's own remarks, which are few, are always to the point, and such as we should expect from a man of his enlarged thought, his earnest religious spirit, and high Christian culture. There is nowhere, either in his language or in that of Dr. Judson, any approach to cant, that bane of religious writings, and especially of religious biography. In this respect, it contrasts most honorably with the reports which usually proceed from religious bodies, as any one may see, who, after reading it, takes up, as we did, the Thirty-ninth Annual Report of the American Baptist Missionary Union. It contains a history of what has been done by the missionaries in Burmah, yet with so much skill as not materially to interfere with the unity or interest of the personal narrative, except perhaps in one or two of the earlier chapters, particularly the third and fourth. The style is grave, as befits the subject, but not dull, and, without any attempt at fine writing, rises, wherever the occasion calls for it, into passages of great beauty.